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Letter from the Editor

Experiences are underrated. People either don't think enough, think about the wrong things, or overthink; experiences become unrelated and uncorrelated to thought. And frankly, that's wrong.

While news has conventionally been merely informative, *The Rutgers Review* has proven that it is as much an aesthetically sensual pleasure as it is a thought evoking erection. That's what good writing is. It should excite, ignite, and unite- the mind and the body.

So flip your pages to check out what went down at the Arthouse. Read the review on The XX. Take a trip to the Dickens Universe. Travel back in time to freshman year, and fast forward again. Consider this issue, *The Experience Evolution*.

Editor-in-Chief

Merichelle

Merichelle Villapando



Waiting by Scott Hall
The Double E takes so long
After 9 pm

I like that song too,
but headphones don't drown your voice.
We can still hear you.

I did not write the
song you're singing, but I'm sure
those are not the words.

ROBERT RUTGERS



What do you think about when
it comes to New Brunswick?
Do you think within
a window of four years?
Do you think about learning
street names other than
George, Hamilton, & Easton?
Maybe you think of the
black bookstore you see everyday
on the EE?

New Brunswick is too diverse to hang one thought onto it, but I'll let you in on a secret: If you can get through Rutgers, you'll be set for life.

Perhaps it's the size of Rutgers that makes the experience so daunting for some. I know it was for me. This school can be tough, and the bureaucracy doesn't help too much either, but if you give it a chance and poke your nose under all those red "R's", you'll find something pretty damn cool. You might even call it a community.

ArtHouse is a DIY kind of art gallery. A group of organizers get together, clear out a house and use it as space to showcase artwork and perform. Of course, the project is far more complicated than that, but there is a general theme focused around open space.

The theme of ArtHouse on September 25 was "The Transit Village". For those not in the know: there is a developing trend in urban planning for developers to focus on areas around train stations. These areas are ideal places for commuters to live, and businesses to provide shopping opportunities for visitors and the

neighboring community.

Right now, plans are underway in New Brunswick to develop a "Transit Village" on the corner of Somerset and Easton. It's called, "The Gateway Project". It will be a place where students and New Brunswick residents can go visit before they leave the city.

But is New Brunswick a "Transit Village" where communities come and go? Students by nature are transient, mostly staying in the city for about four years. But if we begin to think of the city only in that way, we'll never appreciate events like ArtHouse.

Its history is a bit of a blur. The event has gone through several phases, but it was started ten years ago as a charity event for World AIDS day, and after periods of dormancy, it was resurrected last November as an event where students (and anyone else interested) could showcase their artwork and perform.

"[ArtHouse] is a night of art, where people come together and there's film, dance, and visual art," said general coordinator, Elena Callahan. "It's a physical installation where we do anything we want basically."

Part of the reason events like ArtHouse

By Eric Weinstein
Culture Editor

are important nowadays, is that students and even resident artists feel they have no space left to work in. With many of the coffeehouses having been closed or torn down, there aren't too many places left to perform unless you look towards the houses...and that's how the underground phenomenon was born.

This event summed up everything I knew about New Brunswick's underground culture into four walls and a basement. There was art hanging everywhere and the night started off with some passionate slam

poetry sessions, where we snapped our fingers proudly. Afterwards, we were herded into the backyard, where a projector was set up against a tool shed. Two movies focusing on New Brunswick were played, and later, dancers exploded in impromptu steps before projections of flying Amtrack trains! Finally, we ended up in the basement where we shook to the loud sounds of the city's music scene.

This year, the project has grown in size with the help of the organizers and students.

"We recruited a lot of new members at the student involvement fair, and we marketed [ArtHouse] to a wider range of people using flyers and Facebook," said Callahan. "We've gotten new people in there, and we have really expanded the audience of ArtHouse. It's getting bigger, and the crowd is getting more diverse."

Callahan also mentioned the hard work and collaborative effort it takes to run and

organize an event like ArtHouse.

With this growth, more students have been given the opportunity to express their interests and work within the Rutgers and New Brunswick communities. And working with the theme of a "Transit Village", artists expressed what it meant to be part of a community that is always in motion. A community where its members will find themselves pushed out of New Brunswick one day.

"Students don't see themselves here in the future," said Callahan. "How does that affect the way they behave here? We ask ourselves why we care so much about the city? I care about it because there are so many people here I care about."

Eventually, most students will end up at The Gateway, and as they sip their Starbucks Coffee

and wait for their train, they may think of something along the lines of, "Am I staying or going?" Or better yet, "Where did all the exploding dancers go?"

They better look toward the houses.

We Should All Be Equally Dissatisfied

By Edward Michael Reep
Contributing Writer

The gay marriage debate seems to be on the minds of Rutgers students. I've seen people walking around wearing American Apparel t-shirts that read "Legalize Gay" and "Repeal Prop 8 Now!" Those words sound more like commands than suggestions, but there is not much I can do as a voter in New Jersey. Still, perhaps what this apparel is trying to do is at the very least, convey a greater awareness of this divisive issue facing our country.

I am aware of this issue, but I'm losing patience with it because in spite of the immense political discourse that the gay marriage debate inspires, it has more to do with individuals' differing views on semantics than their differing views on the literal nature of public policy. A 2004 USA TODAY/CNN/Gallup Poll showed that 54% of Americans supported and only 42% opposed legal protection for same-sex couples, i.e. civil unions. The distinction between civil unions and official "gay marriages" is rather inconsequential, especially with the "Defense of Marriage Act," which allows states not to recognize out-of-state same-sex couplings.

Legalize Gay

So, if the majority of Americans do not object to homosexuals having access to the legal mechanism of marriage, the real divisive question must lie within the definition of "marriage". Religious folk want the word to only apply when a man and woman are involved, and liberal folk want it to include any monogamous human arrangement.

Frankly, I think both sides are as petty as they are stubborn. With all the poverty and violence in the Western Hemisphere that we could devote political energy towards alleviating, thousands if not millions of Americans, are concerning themselves actively with a terminological battle. It's time they compromised and stopped wasting resources. Clearly, no side is willing to give into the other, and when that happens, there has to be a draw, where everyone is equally dissatisfied.

It's time for the United States to abolish heterosexual marriage and have civil unions for everybody. That way everything's fair (at least a little bit). Every couple will have their proper legal protection, and if someone wants to call their government-granted civil union a "marriage", then that will be their prerogative. Religious folk can also consider themselves "marrying" in the eyes of God and anyone who'd care. Liberal folk can start calling gay civil unions "marriages" and essentially have "gay marriage" like they always wanted. Very little would have to change in order to implement the abolition of heterosexual marriage. Really, all that would need to occur is a reprinting of official documents.

Legalize

I find it hard to see too many legitimate objections to this solution. Why should the United States government butt into people's verbal affairs and impose upon them loaded terms like "marriage"? Perhaps in the nation's past it had a more neutral connotation, but now it's a brick wall. We have to trust our country's citizens with the responsibility to take charge of their own phraseology and respect others' definitions. We'll become less distracted and advance as a people, so hopefully there could exist a day, when there is no need for a person to express themselves with their clothing, when people can't find a good reason to shop at American Apparel.

Journalism and Human Rights

By John Connelly
Contributing Writer

like many Rutgers students Quadeer Porter and I are on College Avenue, by the Grease Trucks. However, unlike many of the students present, who seem to be celebrating "Thirsty Thursday", Porter, a sophomore and Public Policy major, is all business tonight. He has just finished a meeting with the Executive Board of the Educational Opportunity Program Student Association (EOPSA). EOPSA is the student government for students involved in the Educational Opportunity Fund, and Porter is currently telling me about his latest project, the creation of a new human rights group on campus. "It's not just something that you just do, and you just

"I'm not going to lie, though... there are some nights that I don't go to sleep," Quadeer Porter tells me. It is late on a Thursday night, and

Rather than allow the "witches" to starve to death, the children of the village

leave and go on to your 'normal life'," Porter says, describing the Journalists for Human Rights. He is currently working to found a chapter at Rutgers.

Journalists for Human Rights is a seven-year old organization founded by Canadian Ben Peterson. JHR focuses on human rights awareness and free speech issues. The organization currently does work in countries such as Zambia, Sierra Leone, and Liberia. Among the chief areas of focus for JHR is the creation of "Rights Media", or media that "mainstreams human rights content.... [in a manner which is] objective, entertaining, informative, and life-changing," according to the organization's website.

"Rights Media," can encompass any number of things. For example, it can include the creation of media outlets for communities that previously had none. A recent example came from a community in Sierra Leone where one group only recently succeeded in creating a viable printing press.

"Rights Media" could also include the "mainstreaming" of human rights related stories in Western media outlets. One of the ways in which JHR accomplishes this is by hosting human rights-related film screenings and speaker series on campuses. The internet is also an effective tool in this measure, and the website for JHR often publishes stories related to human rights struggles. JHR also publishes a print publication, Speak Magazine, and an online academic journal, Writes in Review. The essays, reportage, and first person accounts published in these sources can be quite moving.

There's one story that Porter repeats often. It concerned women

who were accused of witchcraft and excommunicated from their village. Rather than allow the "witches" to starve to death, the children of the village began to skip class in order to care for them. It was this story that first inspired Porter to become involved in the organization.

"It just shows me," he says of the children, "that even at a young age, a child's heart can still lead him to do the right thing.... I read that, and I said, 'Wow! I have to do something!'"

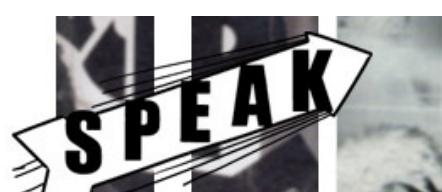
Eager to get involved somehow, but not sure exactly what to do, he contacted a JHR office in Canada. At the time, he had no intentions of founding a chapter. However, Porter found that the more he learned about JHR, the more he realized a new chapter might be exactly what the Rutgers community needed.

Porter tells me that there are many opportunities for internships and jobs through the JHR program. For instance, through the three part 'Train the Trainer' program, students can attend workshops in Canada, as well as chapter-sponsored workshops, where they learn how to run an effective media campaign. Students can also get involved in Speak or Writers in Review, or create their own rights-related media. Students may also be able to intern with JHR groups in foreign countries. Currently, JHR is looking for college chapter members to intern in Ghana at community radio stations.

"It's just amazing what kind of group you enter because there are so many people who want to help other people," Porter tells me as our conversation dies down, "and they are so passionate about it." He goes on to tell me that he anticipates the Rutgers chapter to be amongst the largest in the JHR, because of the atmosphere at the school.

His bus arrives shortly, and he gets on, headed back to his dorm, where he plans on continuing a project he is working on for EOPSA. After all, as Porter says, "When you really love to do something, that energy just flows in you naturally. Even when you do take Chemistry and Calculus."

For more with Quadeer Porter, you can read his full interview at *The Rutgers Review* facebook page.



The Rise of the Medical Drama in the Wake of *ER*

By Robert Cook
Contributing Writer

On April 2 2009, *ER*, the most successful medical drama ever, aired its final episode. *ER* reinvented the medical drama and left in its wake a void no show can truly fill. Out of the ashes comes an influx of medical shows borrowing and feeding off its concepts.

What made *ER* such a seminal series was that it introduced realism never before seen in the genre. Gone were the days when a 12-year-old could patch up your bleeding chest or CPR could save anyone's life; *ER* showed the grittiness and chaos of urban medicine. Trailers for *Trauma* and *Mercy* seem to follow suit with EMTs dodging fireballs and a doctor saving a patient's life by stabbing them with a syringe! One new show that definitely promises to be a much darker take on the genre is *Nurse Jackie* on Showtime. The show centers around an experienced, world-wearied nurse with a back injury leading her to become hooked on prescription meds. Despite this, she's still portrayed as a caring nurse who loves her patients. For example, in the first episode, she avenges a rape victim who was assaulted by a

foreign diplomat by flushing the man's decapitated ear down the toilet. (And you thought nurses were supposed to be sweet...)

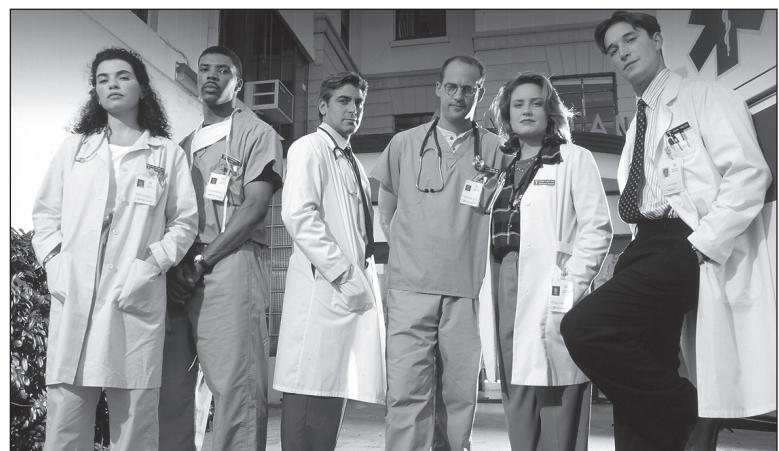
Gone were the days when a 12-year-old could patch up your bleeding chest or CPR could save anyone's life; *ER* showed the grittiness and chaos of urban medicine.

Speaking of nurses, *ER* was also one of the first medical dramas to portray competent nursing staff as vital as the physicians themselves. Nurse Carol Hathaway, initially a throwaway character, ended up landing Juliana Marguiles an Emmy. The sitcom *Scrubs* took this even further with a nurse who's a sagelike figure in the hospital. The new show *Hawthorne* even makes a primary protagonist a nurse. Christina Hawthorne is the chief nurse at Trinity Hospital in

North Virginia and don't you dare call her she is far from "just a nurse"! The TV show spotlights the close relationship between a nurse and those under their charge. The title character essentially runs the hospital while the docs simply get credited. While *Hawthorne* is not yet a classic, it steps in a good direction and hopefully will lead to more dramas focusing on nursing staff.

Due to its extremely long run, *ER* has touched on every medical concept known to man. Most modern audiences have gleaned a lot of current medical knowledge (both true and false) from watching. Unfortunately, this also makes doing "fresh" takes on the genre difficult; most will simply say "ER did it." One show with a very different premise for medical drama is *Royal Pains*. Rather than taking place in the familiar hospital setting, the show is set in the affluent Hamptons where unemployed doc Hank Lawson becomes a concierge physician to the wealthy. Rather than focusing on gritty realism, *Royal Pains* has a more light-hearted tone. In an entire season, no one's actually died or even suffered from an injury or illness once they've been touched by St. Hank. As such, *Royal Pains* is the more "family-friendly" of the medical shows on the air.

Interest in the medical drama has seemingly been rejuvenated due to the end of *ER*. It has captured the nation's attention with gripping plots and characters, and now its influence can be seen across the board. But now with its end, we can see how these concepts can be expanded and merged with newer ideas. Just as *ER*'s debut changed the way we view medicine, its end reminds us that other shows will fight to take its place.



The Cast of *ER*

JOEL MCHALE:

Comedy's Next Superstar

By Tara L. Young
Contributing Writer

Let me tell you about one of my heroes, Joel McHale. Even if you don't know his name, you know his face. Perhaps as the host of *The Soup* (not to be mistaken for *Talk Soup*) since 2004. Perhaps, you've seen NBC's new show *Community*, which first aired this September. Or, perchance, you've ventured out to the cinema to watch *The Informant!* in which McHale stars opposite Matt Damon.

In the five years *The Soup* has been on, McHale has become infamous in Hollywood for his ability to mock anyone. His unassuming manner and his comedy emerge from trying to determine whether he's sarcastic or sincere. Lately, McHale has made weekly targets out of *Speidi*, the Kardashian Sisters, anyone who works for *The Today Show* and his new favorite gem, *The Wendy Williams Show*. Proving that he's not merely a

bully, Joel McHale often visits the shows he makes fun of and has some of those same people on his show. The guests come to, not to necessarily defend themselves, but to play in on the joke and

even taking a little verbal revenge on McHale in the name of comedy.

There have been many hosts before McHale (Greg Kinnear, John Henson, Hal Sparks, Aisha Taylor, and a slew of guest hosts, including McHale's favorite source of material and co-worker, Ryan Seacrest), but he is the first to make the show a must-watch. In fact it has become so successful under McHale's guidance that there are four spin-off shows (*Web Soup*, *The Dish*, *Sports Soup*, and *Celebrity Soup*, which is filmed in the U.K.) hoping to capture his humor and audience on a weekly basis.

McHale is now branching out into the main stream with his NBC show *Community* (never fear, he does not plan to give up hosting *The Soup* in the near future, which would be extremely heartbreaking if he ever did). On *Community* he stars opposite comedy legend Chevy Chase. Watching the two interact is like the passing of a torch from one generation to the next. With the reception of good reviews on a network show, McHale's "stock" (as they say in Hollywood) is rising. It will not be all surprising if he is given his own movie "vehicle" within the next year or two.

Now that I have told you a little more about my hero, let me tell you why I admire him: he makes me laugh uncontrollably. That might not sound appealing to you, but as someone who used to work in a comedy club for years,

let me just say, not many people have evoked that kind of a reaction from me. Sometimes, when I watch *The Soup* I have to pause my dvr because the next bit is drowned in a fit of laughter. The derisive joke, inserted between various clips, can be a single word or a rant, a gesture or a look; no matter the method, the result is the same: hilarity.

Snarky is the word most used to describe McHale's humor, but it's more than that. He has an unassuming manner and facial expressions which mirror what you are thinking. There is also something you can't help but love about a man who is both sardonic and absurdist.

If you just missed Joel McHale at the College Avenue Gym, this past homecoming weekend, you may have just missed a chance to pee in your pants.

In the five years "The Soup" has been on, McHale has become infamous in Hollywood for his ability to mock anyone.



FALL MOVIE PREVIEWS

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New York, I Love You

By Tara L. Young
Contributing Writer

Like most bridge and tunnel kids, when I go to New York City, I feel as though I've entered another world. I get giddy, building with anticipation as the escalator ascends to street level. I feel infinite. *New York, I Love You* is an anthology of ten romance stories set in the city with the essence of magical appeal. Each vignette celebrates the full spectrum of love; from finding someone to love, to loosing someone special, to rediscovering an already existing love. Based on the same premise as 2006's *Paris, Je t'aime*, NYILY intertwines journeys of love in the city that never sleeps. To the frugal movie viewer, this should be appealing for the diversity of different stories from various writers, directors and a multitude of marquee names. Natalie Portman makes her writing and directorial debut with one of the NYILY vignettes, as well as starring in another, and the ensemble cast includes other stars: Bradley Cooper, Shia LaBeouf, Orlando Bloom, Christina Ricci, Robin Wright Penn, Andy Garcia, and James Caan.

By Cecilia Tsai
Contributing Writer

2012

About two millenniums ago, the Mayan Long Count calendar predicted a cataclysm for the winter solstice of 2012. The chance to finally fulfill the prophecy is two years and two revolutions of the sun away. In the meantime, two months remain until the foreseen doomsday appears before your eyes on November 13. From the director of *The Day After Tomorrow*, Roland Emmerich fast-forwards our timeline to 2012.

2012 will star John Cusack as Jackson Curtis, the protagonist. He may be a *Serendipity* honey, but let's not forget he was also a *1408*-dwelling daredevil. Award-winning actress of *Crash*, Thandie Newton, will also star along with Danny Glover (*Lethal Weapon*), Amanda Peet (*Syriana*), and Oliver Pratt (*Frost/Nixon*).

Emmerich is quite an accomplished maker of disasters and is also an active campaigner in global warming awareness, so you can trust he will not only attract with spectacle, but infuse realism into the long-foretold event. It will be one wild ride to dread, but that should make it all the more exciting.

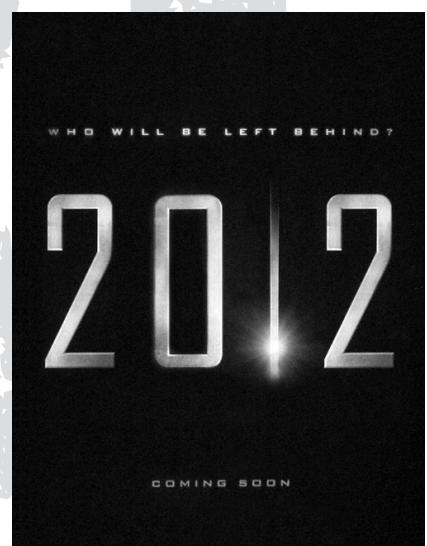
The Road

By Daniel Lee
Contributing Writer

After being twice postponed, *The Road*, set to be released on November 25, has finally been secured. Based on the 2006 Pulitzer Prize novel by Cormac McCarthy, *The Road* follows the peregrination of an unnamed father and his son as they struggle to survive in a post-apocalyptic world, facing down - amongst other challenges - cannibalistic human degenerates.

Australian film director John Hillcoat spearheads the project, and despite the obscurity of his previous films, I expect his latest endeavor to indelibly mark Hollywood with a stunning rendition of a post-apocalyptic Earth. Academy Award nominee Viggo Mortensen (*Eastern Promises*, *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy) stars as the father, while 2007 AFI Best Young Actor Award winner Kodi Smit-McPhee (*Romulus*) plays his son. Also joining the stellar cast is Academy Award winner Charlize Theron (*Monster*), who appears in flashbacks as the deceased wife and mother.

Loaded with a sterling cast, *The Road* promises to be an evocative exploration of the altruism-pragmatism dichotomy, and will hopefully refresh the cinematic scene filled with hackneyed summer blockbusters and droll autumn flicks.



FALL MOVIE PREVIEWS

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WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

By Karin Oxford
Backpage Editor

Max is a mischievous, misunderstood young boy. He feels alienated in the world he lives in, and thus creates a fantasy world to escape it. His journey leads him to the land of Wild Things, where he becomes king of the beasts.

Maurice Sendak wrote a 338-word book back in 1963, and in 2009, Max will make his on-screen debut. Sendak's beloved children's book *Where the Wild Things Are* has been adapted into a full-length film and reaches theaters October 16th. The film was directed by Spike Jonze, best known for *Being John Malkovich* and his work in music videos. The musical score was completed by Carter Burwell and Karen O, lead singer of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, so be prepared for an awesome soundtrack. With a combination of stellar computer graphics, animatronics and live-action, *Where the Wild Things Are* is sure to be a blast from the past injected into our fall movie season. Let the wild rumpus start!



A Christmas Carol

By Robert Cook
Contributing Writer

A Christmas Carol, debuting November 6, promises to actually retain the story of the famous novel while re-imagining an eye-popping computer generation. Helming the director's chair is Robert Zemeckis (*Back To The Future*, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*). The cast consists of Jim Carrey, Gary Oldman (*The Dark Knight*), and Cary Elwes (*Saw*). Other than shiny new effects, *A Christmas Carol* also offers much more humor; Jim Carrey voices Scrooge and all of the ghosts with his usual rubbery wit. While you may be initially turned off to the prospect of another "style over substance" Pixar effort, watch some promising new clips- you might change your mind.

By Kathy Chao
Contributing Writer

"Put some skates on. Be your own hero," begins the underlying journey of *Whip It*, the quirky story of the equally quirky Bliss Cavendar (Ellen Page), an unruly teen from Bodeen, Texas who feels stuck. Her monotonous small-town life takes a daring turn when she discovers the boisterous, visceral world of roller derby and, much to the chagrin of her mother (Marcia Gay Harden), abandons the line of beauty pageants before her to pursue a different path – one that ultimately enables her to see something in herself.

With a star-studded ensemble cast led by *Juno*'s Ellen Page, *Whip It* is in theaters now. The motion picture soundtrack features the music of The Ramones, Dolly Parton, Landon Pigg, and The Raveonettes, collectively capturing the extreme vigor of the roller derby and consequently fitting seamlessly into this sassy zero-to-hero story. In a time and age that embraces spirited individuality, it should, in some way, be personal to all of us.



Remembered

By Rob Guyla
Art & Entertainment Editor

The University of California in Santa Cruz is a spacious campus outlying the hills of southern California, where the aroma of bay leaves and alfalfa adorns the cool, crisp air. Above the canopied, damp layer of the giant oak forest, the clearly painted tapestry of the sky is untouched by cloud or blemish. The imposing mountains overlook the seaside town of Santa Cruz, and, on a lucky, clear evening, one can see the lights of the world's oldest functional, wooden rollercoaster that headlines the boardwalk. It is here, in this summer camp atmosphere that 200 people take part in the grand tradition of unraveling a novel, and keeping an influential author from falling to oblivion. This is the site of the famed convention: *The Dickens Universe*.

For 29 years, the founders and supporters of the *Dickens Universe* have faithfully selected a Charles Dickens' novel to study for eight hours a day (two lectures, three discussion sessions and one open ended talked) spanning five days. This year, I had the unique and wonderful opportunity to take part in the undertaking.

There are few places that I have ever felt at home when studying literature, where others would get as excited as me about finding a new meaning to a word that

changes the flow of a sentence, or finding the deep rooted symbolism of a storm, or simply sharing in the pleasure of listening to a passionate reader read aloud. Here though, in the woods of California, I found 199 other people from around the world who felt the same way. Graduate students hailing from throughout the U.S., and journeying from around the globe. From The Hebrew University in Jerusalem to Oxford in London, professors from around the world, as close as Princeton and as far as Milan, came to passionately discuss the works of a man dead almost a century.

The conference, however, is more than a mere nerd camp for English majors. People from all walks of life, ranging from high school students to the elderly, gather here to share a love for literature, forming bonds and relationships of enduring capacity. Everyone comes from a different background, some are former or current teachers, while others may not even have a degree, though all bring a unique and telling perspective, each illuminating the novel with a different level of experience.

The Universe ends with an old fashioned Victorian Ball. Veterans arrive clad in 1900s style clothing and move expertly and graciously on the dance floor while the newcomers stumble, attempting to learn the intricate movements of the era. Champagne is served, and the town hall is adorned with decorations and homemade cakes and treats. Tea and crackers are arranged, and we dine like the Victorians. The Universe is more than a camp, more than a study excursion—it's an experience that, as it may be apparent in this article, I have a tough time putting into words. What I do have, however, is lifetime friendships founded upon a deeper appreciation for literature, this experience I will never forget.



Julia and Julia Rises Above the Fluff of Summer □

By Christine Chow
Art & Entertainment Editor

Julie & Julia is a movie show anyone, regardless of age or experience, can get lost from time to time and even a renowned figure like Julia Child can get confused. You don't have to be a cook, a woman or know a lot about Child to enjoy this movie.

Meryl Streep shows her versatility as a charming, 6-foot-tall American woman in love with French food and culture. She captures Child's personality, the way she spoke and, above all, her unrelenting determination to be a cook even after she was told she had no talent for it. With the help of her husband Paul, played by Stanley Tucci, Streep shows a sweet and, even, romantic side of Child. "You are the butter to my bread, Julie," Paul says to her during a dinner party.

Adams takes up the usual, straightman role and makes her believable, not always easy work. She plays an unhappy 9/11 phone support secretary in New York. She, too, doesn't know what she wants, until she falls upon Child's book, "Mastering French Cooking." Inspired by Child, she decides to write a blog about cooking Child's 524 recipes in 365 days. When cooking Child's recipe for boeuf bourguignon for an important interview, Powell falls asleep on the couch. Even though you know what will happen next, Adams' emotions spilled through and you couldn't help but feel sad for her.

This movie was a reminder that it's okay to feel lost and that you aren't alone in your confusion. Compared to the other cliché box office movies of the summer, "*Julie & Julia*" was the true gem of the season.



OUR FAVORITE MOVIES OF THE SUMMER

Go ahead check yours

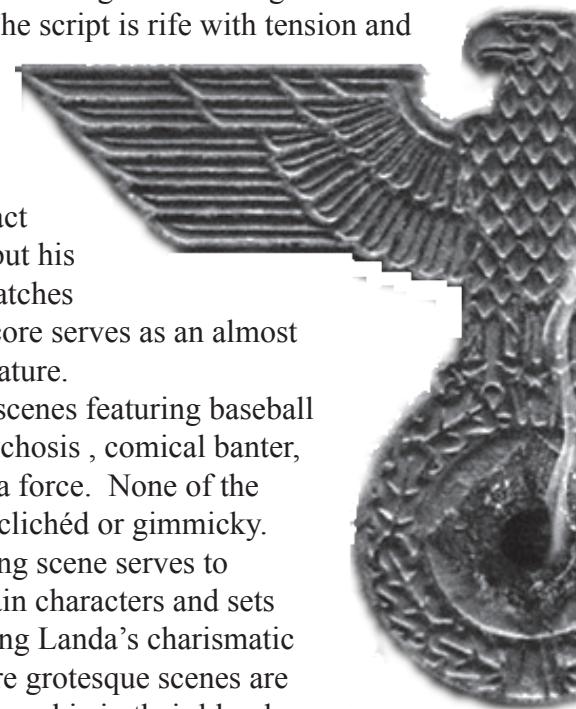
Inglourious Tarantino! □

By Dorothy Chan
Art & Entertainment Editor

Quentin Tarantino's blockbuster *Inglourious Basterds* was the best movie of the summer. Tarantino's direction is stunning, and the way he depicts each character is fastidiously executed. They are multi-faceted, complex, flawed and imperfect. Brad Pitt's Lieutenant Aldo Raine is the main protagonist of the film, but his penchant for brutality shows just how deranged he is. Shosanna Dreyfus emerges as a strong character in an otherwise male-dominated world. The script is rife with tension and wit. The performances are galvanic. Especially, Christophe Waltz delivers a rousing performance as Hans Landa, a man of debonair demeanor nearly impossible to hate despite the fact that he seemed to be on no one's side but his own. The cinematography perfectly matches the tone, and the western-influenced score serves as an almost comic contrast to the film's dramatic nature.

Inglourious Basterds depicts gory scenes featuring baseball bat bludgeonings, unrequited love, psychosis, comical banter, and the heroic Lt. Aldo Raine's guerilla force. None of the scenes are overly dramatic; nothing is clichéd or gimmicky. Every scene is well-crafted. The opening scene serves to introduce the audience to the film's main characters and sets the suspenseful tone while also revealing Landa's charismatic yet manipulative nature. Even the more grotesque scenes are artfully done. The scalping scenes are graphic in their bloody depictions, but are also strangely beautiful in the way the sanguine mutilated bodies contrast the dull surroundings.

All in all, *Inglourious Basterds*, is the most profound and scintillating film of the summer. It is filled with a host of talented actors wrapped in a spellbinding plot; the direction and writing are both meticulously and excellently done. There is simply no movie that compared to it.



Folded

By Merichelle Villapando
Editor-in-Chief

What's black and white and read all over? Online publications, making print publications a little more than screwed. This may be surprising, when coupled with the fact that the average American reads news more avidly now rather than thirty years ago. While readership has gone up, news publications struggle to stay afloat; government aided media may be in the near future, as Obama has agreed to consider so called newspaper bailout bills and such familiar magazines like Time, continue to see readership and subscriptions decline with alarming rapidity. But what does this mean to the twenty one and twenty two year old journalism students, looking to still have their name in glorious black and white? Will he or she still get to feel their name in raised Times New Roman...or will it glare against the lucid lights of a laptop screen?

I got the call, driving home while digesting a Hearthrob (Princeton University's healthier version of a Fat Darrel), and actually screened it. I didn't know it was important, and I didn't care, digesting eggs, bacon, and cheese-steak took up all my attention. About two seconds later, I received a text.

"You want me to read it?" my boyfriend asked.

"Go for it," I replied, eyes focused on the road, mouth focused on the hoagie.

"Girl...VIBE FOLDED!!!!"

"WHAT!" I screamed, swerving into the middle of the road.

I called Brittany, a former fellow intern.

"WHAT!" I yelled into the phone.

"Yeah, it's just gone. Brandon told me this morning. Everyone has to pack up and leave by Wednesday," Brittany said, freaking out.

A truck honked at me as I steadied my hands on the wheel. "I'll call you back," I said, pulling over with tears in my eyes. *What about Angela? She just had a baby. What about Chris? He was proposing to his girlfriend this month.* I couldn't drive, I was too sad.

VIBE magazine was one of the leading hip hop music magazines in the country. Founded by Quincy Jones in 1992, it sparked the careers of many musicians: Eminem, TLC,

Usher, and Lil Wayne are only a few names that VIBE knew before the rest of us.

I was lucky enough to be involved at VIBE fall of 2008 as an editorial intern. Between transcriptions, copies, and the mailroom, I met upcoming artists in the conference room, sat in on editorial meetings, and wrote articles for the website. I was asked

The folding disease is spreading. There doesn't seem be a cure, just an online resurrection.

back to intern the spring semester as a copy intern, and took the opportunity. I could see a future with VIBE, and loved everything about it.

June 2009 I got the call. The following evening the *New York Times* stated, "VIBE's folding is to black journalists what Michael Jackson's passing is to black musicians..." I'm not black, but I can tell you VIBE was a symbol for colored people everywhere. It was one of those few publications that gave voices to minorities, consisting of a staff where the minority was white. That fact in itself, gave the publication different perspectives versus

magazines that have



Porn Magazine, Playgirl folded on Aug 4



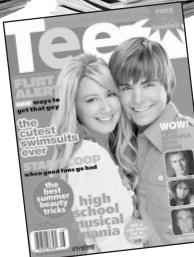
Washington CEO magazine folded on Nov 13



Mad folded on March 28



Surfing magazine, Longboard folded on Jan 8th



Teen, a magazine dedicated to the young generation and pop culture folded on Jan 22th

the mainstream media.

But *VIBE* folding signified even more. Contextually, it was one of many magazines folding in the past year. Those of you who remember our beloved former copy editor, Marissa Graziadio, may have known she interned at the edgy music magazine, *Blender* fall semester. In April, Marissa and I were having a drink at Court Tavern. She told me, between sips of whiskey, metal chords, and our cynical life views, "Well, you know, I may not have a boyfriend. I may not have a job. But at least, I have my really cool internship at *Blender*," she said, swallowing down the burning acid.

"Amen to that!" I shouted as I finished my vodka.

The next day *Blender* folded.

While the *Blender*-Mourning party that we threw for her that night was fun, the aftermath was not. Every contact Marissa knew, was out on the street looking for a job. The same thing would happen to me, two months later with *VIBE*. *What did this mean for us? And what did this mean for the magazine industry, period?*

And I could go on. Former Editor-in-Chief of the *Rutgers Review*, David Rothstadt, spent a semester at *Radar*, a media culture magazine, which folded last fall. *KING*, *CosmoGirl*, and *Teen*, have folded their pages as well, and trust me, the folding disease is spreading. There doesn't seem be a cure, just an online resurrection.

But for those of you who have invested in print, who are die-hard fans, and who will see magazine print to the end, here is some advice I can offer you:

.1 Start a blog: blogging is the future. If you're lucky enough to have that killer fml.com blog idea, do it. It's good to have on your resume.

.2 Think about the book publishing industry: Book publishing is not as drama-filled as the magazine world, but there's more jobs and more money- if that's what you're after.

.3 Intern for a big magazine publishing corporation: think Hearst, Time Inc., etc. Magazines offer plenty of unpaid internships which will get you contacts. The plus about working for a bigger corporation is the versatility of switching to another publication within the company, if yours folds.

.4 Learn online media: This is a little different from the



RATTLED BY THE RUSH

By Erik Sandberg
Contributing Writer

Of all the band reunions I didn't see coming, nothing came with as much of a shock at the news of Pavement's 2010 tour. Ever since their last show at South London's Brixton Academy in 1999, it seemed highly unlikely that the band would consider playing anything more serious than an impromptu wedding-show. The fact that each member has been active with his own side-project since the split has only reinforced this belief.

All of that changed when, in mid-September, the blog *Brooklyn Vegan* spread the word (amongst much skepticism) that 2010 Pavement shows were "officially" on the way. A couple of days later, show listings miraculously appeared online, and I was lucky enough to nab a set of tickets to one of the four now-sold-out concerts at next September's Summerstage in New York City.

Even at their peak, Pavement only achieved moderate commercial success, receiving occasional airtime on MTV's *120 Minutes* and headlining 1995's Lollapalooza, even receiving some tabloid attention from the ridiculous Pavement vs. Smashing Pumpkins rivalry that ensued. By the late 1990s, American indie-rock was on the decline as British major-label groups like Radiohead and Blur began to dominate the alternative scene. Ironically, the latter cited Pavement as a seminal inspiration for their eponymous 1997 release.

It wasn't until very recently that Pavement began to rise in popularity amongst a generation that was just learning to walk. At the time *Slanted and Enchanted* was released, thanks to the stubborn exaltation of the group on trend-setting sites like Pitchfork Media, Pavement became big. In a recent interview with *Rolling Stone*, guitarist Scott "Spiral Stairs" Kannberg spoke of the issue, saying, "This whole generation of kids discovered Pavement after we had disbanded, and made us into a huger thing than we ever envisioned. So now

I guess we can tour and make those people happy." This sort of musical generation gap is pretty rare, and is more likely due to Pavement's ethics than to the blabbing of hipster mediaphiles.

Most acts run into trouble trying to make a comeback years after ceasing to perform. Pavement is looking to be one of the few that finds even greater success the second time around. Their quirky and indifferent attitude is cherished in today's indie scene, which emphasizes values like integrity and education. The band has made it clear that the reunion isn't going to be a shallow attempt at capitalizing on the new-found fans, with Kannberg saying, "We went around to everybody in the band, and they said, 'Yeah, the time is right. If everybody's ready to do it, then we'll do it and see what happens.' There was no real impetus — it just kind of happened naturally." Indeed, the shows promise to be nostalgia-filled pilgrimages for old and new slackers alike, in what appears to be Pavement's most ambitious endeavor to date.



INDIE / ALTERNATIVE ROCK
BAND , PAVEMENT

"THE BLUEPRINT 3"

By Nick Sella
Contributing Writer

Only the Beatles have more number one albums than Jay-Z. The Brooklyn rapper and self proclaimed "God Emcee" just received his eleventh certification with *The Blueprint 3*, breaking his tie with Elvis Presley. The album is the long awaited and much hyped third installment to the classic *The Blueprint* (2001) and follow up *The Blueprint²: The Gift & The Curse* (2002).

The album is possibly one of his most important to date; Jay-Z's last two albums, after his apparent retirement in 2003, have come under scrutiny from fans for being too much of victory laps, pop orientated and lacking the hunger of his early work. Not only does he still have to prove to fans that he still belongs in their top three lists, but this is also his first album on his new

management label *Roc Nation* and his first album as a married man.

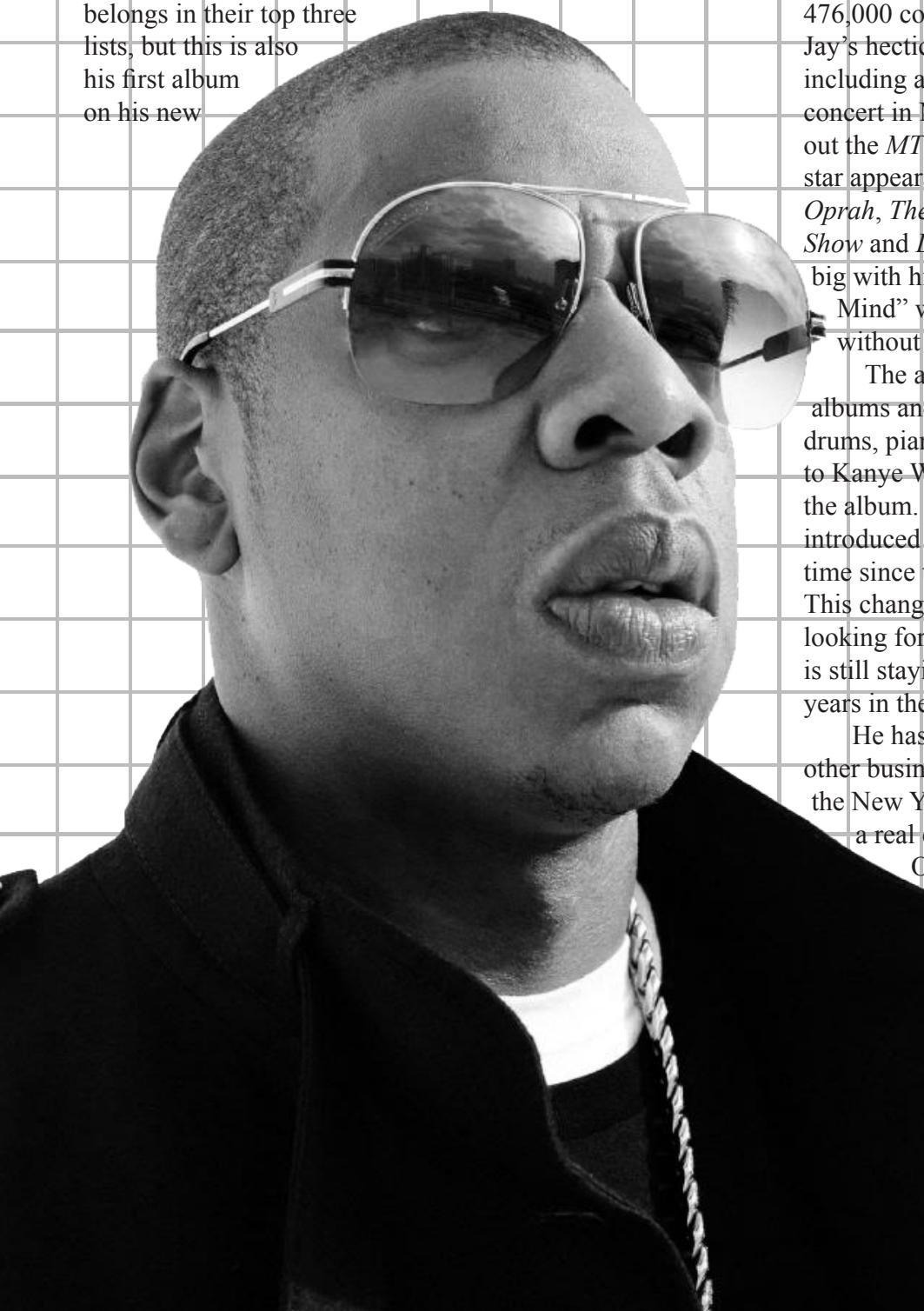
The Blueprint 3 was released on September 8. It was planned to be released on the 8-year anniversary of the original *Blueprint* (9/11) but due to a full leak, it was pushed up. In its first week it sold 476,000 copies, thanks to Jay's hectic promotion, including a 9/11 benefit concert in NYC, closing out the *MTV VMAs* and star appearances on *Oprah*, *The Jay Leno Show* and *Late Night With David Letterman*. He has also hit it big with his current New York City anthem "Empire State of Mind" with Alicia Keys, which held the high spot on iTunes without being formally released as a single.

The album is a departure in sound from previous Jay-Z albums and many of the tracks incorporate saxophones, drums, pianos and more organic instruments; this is credited to Kanye West, who takes most of the production credit on the album. This has its own significance to Kanye, who was introduced as a producer on the original *Blueprint* and in the time since then has obviously blown up into a solo artist. This change in sound will sit uneasy with hip hop fans that are looking for *Reasonable Doubt* Jay, but in the new style, Jay is still staying ahead of the rest and staying creative after 13 years in the industry.

He has proven once again with *The Blueprint 3*, that his other business ventures, which include being a part owner of the New York Nets, co-owner of the 40/40 Club and even a real estate venture, all come second to his music. In

October, he will embark on a month-long tour that's anticipated to be a success. In a time where most hip hop tours are billed with many big name artists, Jay is able to do it alone. You can argue that he has gotten softer in his raps over the years, but there is no arguing that he is a living legend and will continue being relevant as long as hip hop is.

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ROC NATION AND HIS
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MARRIED MAN.**



zeros^{up} ones^{up} music

By Elaine Tang
Contributing Writer

Everyone is talkin' about Owl City—the one-man synthpop band otherwise known as Andrew Young. Ever since Young signed to *Universal Records* earlier this year, he's been syndicated on national radio stations, selling out shows on his North American tour like nobody's business, and has hit more than 45 million plays on his Myspace page. Owl City has released six albums in its career—four of which were released this past year. It certainly seems like Young has enjoyed much attention and praise for his music's dreamy quality, his clean vocals and production, and his upbeat, catchy melodies and cutesy lyrics that are currently making the hearts of tweens and teens everywhere a-flutter. Interestingly enough, Young uses no instruments to produce his distinctly electronic sound, though actual drums are used minimally.

The success of Owl City represents a recent burgeoning trend of using more computer software to produce music, creating somewhat unmusical music. And these days, *everything* sounds electronic, or is at least tampered with

using digital means. Particularly Auto-tune: the Photoshop, the plastic surgery for musician's vocals. Ben Gibbard said it best about this voice-correcting takeover: "We've seen a lot of good musicians being affected by this newfound digital manipulation of the human voice, and we feel enough is enough." Jay-Z has also launched a campaign against Auto-tuned vocals—his latest release *Blueprint 3* was produced completely without Auto-tune. Most notably, his song "Death of Auto-Tune" urges rappers to move past the pitch correction device, insisting that the tool has become an overused crutch for rappers and is now a gimmick.

Auto-tune is being constantly overused in especially mainstream music in an attempt to create a flawless, perfectly-pitched voice. You need at least an adequate voice for Auto-tune to work effectively, but Auto-tune allows singers to be pitchy without sounding so. And it's presence is ubiquitous in modern music: Cher made Auto-tune popular in 1998 with her song "Believe". Avril Lavigne's 2003 ode to teen angst "Complicated" carried several conspicuous instances of auto-tuned vocals. And T-Pain has recently introduced his new appropriately-titled app for the iPhone, "I Am T-Pain" (although his latest release "Dope" off his new album *Revolver* appears to have been recorded without Auto-tune). Owl City also employed Auto-tune, but less obviously. All of which brings up the question: Where is all the talent and musical ability that makes these artists truly artists?

But the public seems to *like* these too-clean, robotic vocals. Every note of every pop song sounds so clean, so perfect that we are very critical of music and vocals that do not sound so pristine. "There's no shame in fixing a note or two, but we've gone far beyond that," Jim Anderson, the professor of the Clive Davis department of recorded music at New York University and president of the Audio Engineering Society, told *Time Magazine*. In response to someone criticizing Aretha Franklin's pitchy performance at the Inauguration, Anderson said, "Of course! She was singing!... People are getting used to hearing things dead on pitch, and it's changed their expectations."

I remember when music had more emotion, more soul. Nothing sounded perfect, but I liked it better that way. It's better than stolid, wooden vocals and computers for instruments. Perhaps T-Pain's most recent track and Jay-Z and Ben Gibbard's campaign against Auto-tune could present a revival of unadulterated music.

Ben Gibbard: We just want to raise awareness while we're here and try to bring back the blue note... The note that's not so perfectly in pitch and just gives the recording some soul and some kind of real character. It's how people really sing.



the antlers: hospice

By Sarah Pace
Contributing Writer

When you tug at the heartstrings of an album, that album should tug back. When you dig beneath the surface of lyrics and guitar chords, the chemistry between a record and your own experiences should be illuminated and clarified, as if some silent novelist within you composed the perfect masterpiece of whatever undiscovered happiness or pain dwells in your core. A good album should make you cry, make you reflect on the things that house themselves in the back of your head. But the most remarkable thing about *Hospice*, the beautifully chilling result of The Antlers' Peter Silberman, Darby Cici and Michael Lerner, is that it not only tugs back; it throws you against a wall and takes your breath away like a good lover should.

Hospice was recorded in Brooklyn, after Silberman ended his two-year self-induced isolation, a common trend among similar artists like Justin Vernon of Bon Iver and Ben Gibbard of Death Cab for Cutie, who produced equally chilling volumes of work after stepping back into the real world. The liner notes and interviews with Silberman reveal that the album arose through a "series of nightmares", finally culminating in the heart-grippingly satisfying LP, *Hospice*, which the band self-released in March 2009 after a year and a half of recording and producing.

It begins with an instrumental track, followed by the intricate "Kettering", a gentle plea for help through the eyes of a nurse sent to care for a sick patient in a hospice. At its core, *Hospice* narrates the story of Sylvia, a woman dying of bone marrow cancer, and it tackles the anger and fear that accompanies terminal illness in the person dying and the people preparing for that death. Using breathy tones, surging instrumentals, and distorted acoustic transitions, the musical backdrop to this darkly romantic album makes every track devastatingly beautiful, eloquently worded, and perfectly crafted.

While telling the story of this lustful, urgent coupling of two people left grasping onto life's complexities before death takes hold, the album manages to grip you, to make you sit in

the waiting room next to the ill, the grieving, the families of the dead. Silberman manages to infect your marrow with the same cancer he sings about, making you as bitter as Sylvia and as heartbroken and furious as the nurse who cannot save her. It's a trip through both reality and the dreamlike state that flows over the album in arcs. There were moments when, if my eyes were closed, I thought I was in a cathedral, the echoing rhythm of strings and soaring vocals filling chambers of my inner ear.

The last chapter of Sylvia's "Wake" is perhaps the most moving and haunting song on the album. It speaks to the absence in all of us who have lost someone, announcing the impermanence of love, describing the willpower it takes to empty the room of their clothes, the fading smell of their shampoo on a pillow. It says something about a person's strength to let go and move forward after loss. "*It was easier to lock the doors and kill the phones than to show my skin,*" he sings. "*Because the hardest thing is never to repent for someone else, it's letting people in.*"

It takes a lot to find the right words for an album as personal and thought-provoking as *Hospice*. It's easy to be speechless, or to use the word "perfect" to describe the most intimate lyrics and melodies released in 2009 so far.

But, simply put, if you were ever lost, if you ever questioned the direction of your life or wondered what you did to deserve the loss of someone you loved, *Hospice* finds you and brings you home again.

the XX

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Subliminal and Absolutely Sultry



By Charles Tong
Contributing Writer

I'm often not one for following the indie hit of the moment as dictated by Pitchfork, but every once in a while, there stands a band that truly lives up to the hype that review-websites would market. Lauded as being one of the most influential and original bands of the year, it still wasn't easy to believe the hype surrounding The XX. Yet one listen later and I was sent to a torrent of truly astounding sound.

The XX has a style that I can't exactly put my finger on. With some songs that could hit the peripheries of dream pop, and guitar and bass rhythms that scarcely ever play, it's hard to believe that this could possibly mix into the praise that the XX has been getting. But their mix melancholic sound and simple lyric ends up creating a truly unique experience.

Featuring a duet by the enchanting Baria Qureshi, whose voice resounds with a sort of empty ethereality, and hauntingly-voiced Romy Madley Croft, the XX produce a unique, and memorable sound. What makes the duo so special is the simplicity of the rest of the band, which features not a drummer, but synth beats, and utilizes minimal bass and guitar parts that are surprisingly easy to zone out to. Songs like "Basic Space" and "Stars" have the two singers bordering on rhythmic poetry, with guitars rarely playing. It has a certain infectious ecstasy about it that I absolutely love.

The album is still able, in their original melancholic style, to find much variation in their sound. "Crystallized" swept me with its dreamy and illusory guitar riffs, and repetitious yet haunting howls from the two singers. "Night Time" brings an quiet spoken word chorus that quickly put me in a robotic trance, while "Fantasy" wonderfully mixes their style with a glorious dream pop sound. Even something like "Intro" brings something new with a resounding instrumental, backed only by the wails of the duet.

Normally, when you listen to an album, there are always those few songs that stick out; the ones you'll love to replay over and over again, leaving all the others in neglect. Believe me when I say I've tried to find that song, but the truth of the matter is that they are all fantastic. From the glowing "Intro" to the finale that is "Stars," I'll listen entirely through; more surprisingly is a somewhat seamless transition from the end to the beginning resulting you to repeat the entire process! Every song transitions perfectly from one to the next, as if everything was in the right place. The whole album becomes more of an adventure that you'll want to see entirely through, a subliminal and mellow rock opera of sorts, that you don't want just excerpts of.

This is one of those cases where you do have to believe the hype. The XX brings some of the mellowest sound in one of what is likely to be one of the best albums of the year amongst indie lovers. Do yourselves a favor and don't miss one of the most original albums of 2009.

Their mix melancholic sound and simple lyric ends up creating a truly unique experience

Who's the ad-wizard that scheduled Animal Collective during the hottest part of the day? The sun beats down on all of us in front of Which Stage but all we want to do is dance to "Fireworks." Looking around, I can see a couple of people tenacious enough to attempt a few rhythmic movements, but most stand still with faces that only ask, "water?"

The real shame is that the band sounds great, and I can hear it. Everything is perfectly on, though slightly different from the album versions. But all of this sun does not feel good after the three hours of sleep undoubtedly almost everyone got in their wet tents last night.

A spiritual healer pops up in the crowd and starts raining us with blessings and despite what I may believe, I

Excerpts From a Moleskine: Bonnaroo 2009

By Andrew Sheldon
Music Editor

catch a second wind. Animal Collective finishes their set with a incendiary live version of "Brothersport," then we're on our way to the next show when everyone announces they played "too many tracks from Merriweather."

We've been dancing for hours. Part of me is wondering when Girl Talk is going to stop while another part is experiencing a runner's high induced by sleep deprivation and wishes this could last forever. There's a pause due to a technical error that gives me time to realize that the show will run far past its allotted time. I do the math. It's been about four hours since Pheonix took the stage at 11:30 and I don't think any of us have stopped yet.

I couldn't imagine a better band to have kicked off the

last block of our first full day. They take the stage with an energy that indicates they have something to prove. Then they actually prove it. Their driving synth-pop gets our feet moving in the sandy tent immediately.

Despite having trouble distinguishing Crystal Castles' songs and never succumbing to the urge to blast mash-up tracks in my car, I manage to keep up with everyone until the set ends around 4:30am.

We walk back to our tents with pains in our legs, muscles pumping battery acid.

Sean tells me I've already missed "I Am Trying to Break Your Heart," and I think I die a little on the inside. Regardless, Wilco sounds incredible. Tweedy's voice

is spot-on, even during the prolonged cadence of "Misunderstood," where he ferociously screams "nothing" upwards of thirty-times, giving the song an intense emotional impact. Nels Cline's guitar work is fluidity in action, hitting every note from Sky Blue Sky's prolonged guitar solos with such precision it kind of hurts a little. In between songs, I can hear The Mars Volta

luring me to Which Stage over Tweedy's soft growl, but my feet feel stuck in the ground.

Ultimately, it was the best decision to leave MGMT early. It was getting late and now I feel fully comfortable for the first time laying in the grass outside of The Other Tent on Sunday morning. Clouds move in and it starts to drizzle. I've gotta remember this guy's name.

"Chelsea. What's this guy's name, again?"
"A.A. Bondy."

The simple folk-rock is perfect right now. His voice carries over an acoustic guitar in 3/4 time. As I close my eyes, I feel infinite. It's that feeling you get when you're just not ready to leave a vacation, already looking forward to next summer.



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VIRTUAL UTOPIA

By Mark Hansen
Contributing Writer

With over consumption in America at an all time high, and natural resources dwindling, we are left to wonder, what happens next? Here at the Rutgers Review, we're suggesting a virtual utopia. Plugged in, but not tuned out. The entire world existing together only on a computerized level. A virtual utopia may not be realistic, or even something that anyone wants, but hey, it could happen.

We are out of control, hungry, chasing a carrot on a stick even though there is a carrot in our hand. It is an addiction, consuming, because it feels good. We refuse to face the music even though the orchestra continues to play on, with no actor, as we just sit in the shadows and wait for the curtain to close. We cannot let this trend continue, but haven't we been saying that for quite some time now?

What can we do to stop newly industrializing countries from following in our self-destructive past? How can we keep a functioning society afloat, without having our lives

dependent on a support structure that relies on resources that will eventually run out? And can we do this while staying comfortable, or even human?

If we change absolutely nothing, one of two things would most likely happen. The first would be similar

to Mad Max Road Warrior, and this anarchistic war would probably leave a small group of individuals left to survive and repopulate the world. The second is similar to Aldous Huxley and Stalin being in Revenge of the Nerds.

Instead of trying to control our ways of consumption by a forced cultural shift that won't occur unless we hit that point of no return, we should go with approach number 2. Lets reorganize how we exist in the real and virtual worlds rather than reorganize how we live within the world and it's limited resources.

Second Life is the alpha to what will be the omega to our future reality. It is a social networking program except, instead of representing yourself on a static webpage, you

represent yourself as a character that can walk or fly while talking to other people's characters. Slowly, as networking online has become faster and more advanced, we will start to see a greater migration to a more intense form of virtual communication. We will slowly start to remove the self and recreate it in a new virtual sense, and in my mind, this has already begun to occur. Second Life allows it's 8 million users to recreate everything from the length of their eyelashes to stylized housing. Everything from art galleries, malls, pubs, and ski slopes can be found in recreated cities like New York City, Paris, Dublin or even remote Polish cities in amazing detail and scale.

But this is only the beginning, because as technology advances, Second Life or a spin off may be taking on a fully immersive virtual reality form. With better graphics and a brain link up (already existing for those that are paralyzed and need to use computers), people will be able to simulate running, moving their arm, or turning their head to look at someone who is break dancing. Eventually, we all will all be able to move into a virtual world we can call our new home, while leave a painful and less attractive real world behind.

How many of us want things we can't have? Cars, clothes, houses, beautiful men or women, shoes? Everything would finally be obtainable from the aesthetic to the fundamental. No one would age, everyone could look however they want, and we could all have what we've been craving. Who cares who controls Jerusalem in real life when you can make 2 or 3 in the virtual world?! This idea is simply moving that which is aesthetic in our lives to the virtual planes and streamlining that which is required for existence in real life. The problems that come with satisfying our aesthetic desires would not longer exist and industrialization's impact on the environment and people would stop.

The complex technologies of today could in a not-so-distant future, allow us to live to the extent we always wanted, without damaging the environment and those who are exploited in their labor. But is it still worth living in a world where everything is only a click away?

Outlandish Thanks

By Maggie Blaha
Contributing Writer

Sometimes, Life is just too ridiculous to respond to, but I'm here to help with thank you notes, memos and letters for the most novel of circumstances.

Aunt Portia's gifts are never something you want, nor do they seem to fulfill a purpose in everyday life (especially your own). Her gifts make you wonder who could have constructed such an invention, and compelled that person to do so. So, yes, at least Aunt Portia's presents make you think, but who needs to think about their birthday present? Sometimes you just want to write Aunt Portia and say, "thanks for nothing" or "if you're stumped or in doubt, a signed check always works," but she's your Aunt and she loves you and you know she only bought you the maple syrup dispenser shaped like a rooster because she thought it would be useful to you. It would hurt her feelings if you made her think otherwise. So, I have brainstormed and written a response to the said maple syrup dispenser. It won't get you a better present next year, but it will convince your dear Aunt Portia that you love her gift and will treasure it always.

Dear Aunt Portia,

I can't thank you enough for the maple syrup dispenser shaped like a rooster; truly, it is one of the better birthday presents I received.

Upon opening the present, I was overcome with so much joy that I wished we had a maple tree growing in the backyard so that I could tap the bark for delicious, thick, rich sap to flow down into the dispenser to be housed until Saturday morning when Mother usually makes pancakes. Yes, if only I had a maple tree to provide fresh maple syrup to be kept in my maple syrup rooster dispenser, but they are difficult to come by in New Jersey. (Maybe I can get a maple tree for my next birthday. It is, afterall, the big "2-1.")

So I settled for taking Log Cabin syrup, in the cabin shaped bottle, from the cabinet, and pouring that into the new, rooster-shaped maple syrup dispenser you sent me for my birthday.

Why, on the Saturday morning following my birthday,



as soon as the first pancake hit the skillet, I swear I could hear the rooster crowing. He's a proud little rooster, really, and ready to serve. His chest sticks out in confidence; he's confident that he can dispense syrup like the balm of Gilead.

The rooster maple syrup dispenser really enhanced our pancake eating experience. We happily passed it around the table, each of us cock-a-doodle-doing when we angled it to drop syrup out of the rooster's beak.

Yes, I'd say that the rooster is a charming addition to Saturday morning breakfast.

Thank you, Aunt Portia. Thank you for making my birthday so very special.

*Sincerely,
Your Loving Niece/Nephew*

FRESH MENSAH

ACTUALLY, NO,
NOT A DIRTY WORD

By Samantha Mitchell
Contributing Writer

After the superiority complex acquired as a high school senior, the freshman year of college may seem like a terrifying catapult into subordinate, chaotic hell. And perhaps this is true to a certain extent. Everyone continually shoves down our throats the importance of this transition and the difficulties we shall endure. But, for the record, the whole ordeal does not suck as much as books like *The Naked Roommate* want you to believe so that you will buy into the whole self-help business. (This book includes a chapter devoted to the appropriate response to finding your roommate in the nude as well as other obvious “steps to success”).

As far as roommates go, I personally have been very lucky. My suitemates proactively clean the room and not once have I walked in to find someone uncomfortably indisposed. Certainly others have been blindsided by roommates who by appearances seem alright, but in reality are terrible.

For example, the fellow who came to appraise our room's internet setup shared with us a cheery anecdote of such a situation. His roommate seemed cool, initially. However, after 18 years of

To sum up, there are worse things than
being a freshman at Rutgers.
Starvation and square dancing come to mind.

celibacy, he found a girl who allowed him to use her as an outlet for his repressed sexual fury and decided the dorm room would be the best locale for this action. Thus, this internet repairman ended up having to switch rooms because it was not his preference to live in someone else's sex lair.

But, for the majority of random pairings, such horrors are few. Most people who do not choose their roommates come to enjoy their company. “The naked roommate” situation seems to be the exception rather than the rule.

Outside of the dorm room, there seem to be interminable

events planned to assist kids with social integration. So, meeting people is easy. Remembering names is the hard part. Generally, upperclassmen are too cool to participate. They may be successfully avoiding a dodge ball game, but they also could be missing the opportunity to form bonds over how much we all hate these events.

Also, it is very easy to avoid looking like a noob. Here are some tips for how to make yourself indistinguishable:

1. Never unfold your map the whole way.
2. Do not wear the shirt they gave you at orientation every day.
3. Consider the prospect of facial hair.
4. Learn the bus routes quickly. Do not consult the bus driver after every stop to solidify your idea of when your stop is approaching.
5. Avoid carrying two trays of food in the dining hall- it is a sure sign that one does not know how to handle buffet-style dining.

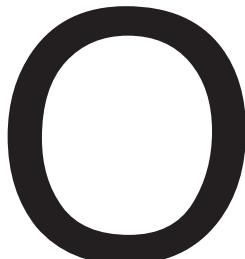
Follow these and no one will label you with the embarrassment of being a first-year. But, honestly, even if they did, what's the worst they can do? Shove you in a locker? I think not.

There are worse things than being a freshman at Rutgers. Starvation and square dancing come to mind. Actually, it may suck more to be an upperclassman. At least we have four more years of college fantasyland to look forward to, while people in their latter years have to worry about “establishing a career” and unemployment. Also, freshmen may acceptably gain 15 pounds, but if a sophomore gains the same weight, that comes to a 30+ pound total, which is significantly harder to hide.

FRESHMEN

I'D RATHER IT BE THEM THAN ME

By Lizzie Plagic
Potpourri Editor



One day just after the school year had begun, I was walking through my dorm and I noticed my neighbor was sitting at his computer, door open, blasting Asher Roth's "I Love College". I thought to myself, "That freshman must be indescribably happy now that he can relate to the college anthem of '09". And as he sung along to all the rules Asher Roth has taught him about college, (*don't pass out with your shoes on / when it comes to condoms put two on*), this young freshman looked sincerely in love with college. And he should be- because college is awesome. Yet as the week after this encounter, I found myself questioning the quality of freshman year. With the advantage of being *an entire year older* than the freshman, I took a look back on all the reasons I'm glad that first year is over.

Roommates. Unless you're living with someone you already know, you don't get to pick your roommate freshman year. And in most cases, this means living with someone you don't want to live with. Yes, there have been roommate success stories, and your roommate freshman

year could end up being your best man at your wedding, but the chances are slim. And even though you might not like your roommate, you hang out with them the first week of school because you don't know anyone else.

Case in point: The day I moved back to school, I was sitting at Brower with a group of friends, and having a grand ole time, when I noticed the pair of freshmen sitting at the end of our table. They were eating in silence, and the discomfort they felt was so palpable it was creeping over to our side of the table. The gelled hair and tight pants guy was texting throughout the meal, holding his phone under the table as he did it, feigning the type of politeness that would only occur with people you didn't really know, but you had to live with. The only break in their completely silent meal was when the tall lanky one with glasses mentioned that he may have accidentally put sour cream on his bagel instead of cream cheese. Damn, that condiment bar is confusing.

Speaking of condiment bars, freshman year, at least in the beginning, is all about crappy food. Yes, the freshmen are offered the same food as everyone else, but they don't yet know how to get inventive. They're content to wait in the hot lines and scoop up the gray chicken and the weird salmon rolls and multiple fried items, while the more experienced college eaters are making nearly gourmet meals. Some advice to the freshman: when in doubt, panini press.

In high school, waking up at 7:30 during the week is normal – so when you get to college, an 8:10 AM class doesn't seem too bad, and a 9:50 class seems to be for those who want to sleep in. Your schedule full of morning classes doesn't bother you one bit, until you're about two weeks in, and every time your alarm goes off you want to throw something and cry yourself back to sleep. But you can't. Because you don't have time. Because you have class.

Expos. And I know this doesn't always pertain solely to freshmen, but still. I'm done with it.

**What is a sophomore?
And what is it more
sopho than? Would
you, could you in a
box? Would you, could
you with a fox? I would
not eat a fresh-a-man.
I would not eat one;
Frank I am.**

-Frank Anderson,
Rutgers sophomore

Contribute to *The Rutgers Review*!
Meetings in Scott Hall 206 on Mondays at 9:30

Email us: TheRutgersReview@gmail.com

music

the rutgers review

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WRITE FOR THE RUTGERS REVIEW
MEETINGS AT 206 SCOTT HALL ON MONDAYS AT 9:30

By Karin Oxford
Backpage Editor

OCTOBER

14, 18

- The Ravelettes – Webster Hall, Music Hall of Williamsburg
- 16
- Mika – United Palace
- 18
- David Bazan – Bowery Ballroom
- 29
- Justice – (Sold Out) Webster Hall
- 30, 31
- Tegan & Sara – (Sold Out) Town Hall

NOVEMBER

6, 8

- Monsters of Folk: Mike Mogis, Conor Oberst, M. Ward,
 & Jim James – United Palace, Beacon Theater
- 6
- Girls – Bowery Ballroom
- 10
- Peter, Bjorn and John – Terminal 5
- 14
- Pink Floyd Laser Spectacular – The Wellmont Theater
- 21
- Sonic Youth – (Sold Out) Terminal 5
- 22
- Camera Obscura – Music Hall of Williamsburg
- 23, 24
- Röyksopp – Webster Hall

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By Eric Weinstein & Christopher Liptrot
Comic and Illustrations

